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# American Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1867.

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## OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Who killed Cock Mora?  
I, said cute Jemmie,  
I killed him—demme!  
For my puff, puff, puff,  
Was more than enough!  
So I killed Cock Mora.

The *Herald's* illegitimate opera being badly defunct, make way for the legitimate Max.

The Academy of Music, rebuilt, refitted, commodious and elegant, will be ready for occupation in a few days. We all remember the thrill of sorrowful regret that run through the whole community, when the news of the destruction of the old Academy of Music was made known. The house had become endeared by pleasant and brilliant associations to every one, and the charred and desolate walls were objects which but few could look upon altogether unmoved. The progress of the New Academy towards completion has been watched with anxiety by thousands, and its thorough restoration will be as welcome to each individual, as the return of some long-looked-for friend.

The Operatic Season will be inaugurated by a Grand Bal d'Opera, which will assuredly bring together all the fashion and beauty of the city and its suburbs. The ball will be given on Friday evening, March the 1st, under the direction of a committee of our most wealthy and prominent citizens, and will be one of the grandest affairs of the kind ever gotten up in this city. The musical arrangements will be entrusted to Carl Bergmann with Messrs. Grill and Grafula, and will be on a scale of great magnitude, and will assuredly be perfect in every sense. Tickets of admission can only be procured of the Committee or of Mr. Maretzek, an arrangement which will secure the unexceptionable character of the company. Subscribers to the operatic season will be entitled to an admission to the Bal d'Opera.

In another column will be found the full scheme of Mr. Maretzek's Spring Operatic campaign. The repertoire of operas is immense, so large, indeed, that but few, if any, can be repeated. In addition to those operas which are universal favorites, novelties are promised which cannot fail to give great eclat to this initial season. The old favorites of the company will be retained, such as Kellogg, Poch, Mazzoleni, Bellini and Antonucci; also the recent additions, Miss Hauck, Natalie Testa, Baragli and Ronconi, together with some new candidates for public favor.

The orchestra will, as usual, be composed of

our best orchestral players, under the chief control of our most eminent conductor Carl Bergmann, supported by Torriani, and the impresario himself, Max Maretzek. The chorus will be large and fully efficient, and then consider the luxury which awaits us in the contemplation of new scenery, new costumes and new properties! We shall no longer be called upon to contemplate that wonderful architectural columned hall or corridor, whose extent, judging by the perspective, was five miles in a direct line, and whose order of architecture was so mobile, so plastic, so cosmopolitan, that travellers, very extensive travellers, recognized it, at once, as the *fac simile* representation of the regal reception rooms of Buckingham Palace, the Tuilleries, the Escorial, and the other royal residences of China, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Canada (under Fenian the 1st), and narrowly escaped being the bridal chamber of Zelica, on that fabulous Island, discovered by M. Scribe in his libretto of *L'Africaine*. Yes, thank heaven, that pillared cosmopolitan immensity was destroyed, utterly by the flames, and everything in the new Academy will be new, appropriate and beautiful.

The operatic opening night will be Thursday the 7th, when we expect to see present, one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered together in America, to celebrate the occasion. If good wishes could secure success to the enterprise, Max Maretzek could count his gains in advance; for there is but one sentiment pervading the entire community, (omitting the north-west corner of Fulton Street and Nassau, though that is hardly in community with anything,) and that is for the prosperity of New York's favorite amusement, and the consequent prosperity of the man who has labored and sacrificed so much for its advancement.

## GRAND CONCERT IN AID OF THE POOR OF THE SOUTH.

A grand concert was given last Saturday evening at Irving Hall, under the patronage of the New York Ladies Southern Relief Association. The weather was terribly inclement, but the brilliant talent which volunteered on the occasion and the earnest endeavors of the lady patronesses, secured a brilliant audience, although but a moiety of the tickets sold were represented.

The artists assisting were, Miss C. L. Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss McCulloch, Mr. James M. Wehli, Signor Ferranti, Signor Milleri, Signor Albano, Signor Albites, and Mr. Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra.

Miss Kellogg was positively charming on this occasion, and sang with a grace and finish that delighted every one. We have rarely heard her voice to such advantage; its pure, bright, melodious quality filled the hall with

its magical sweetness. She was loudly encored in the Aria from "*L'Etoile du Nord*," and acknowledged by singing with exquisite archness and grace, a Spanish ballata, "*Isolina*," which nearly won another encore. She accompanied herself brilliantly and correctly, displaying a control over the instrument, which but very few vocal artists male or female possess. We must compliment her upon her skill, for it is pleasant to find that so accomplished a singer, has not scorned to bestow attention upon other branches of the Musical Art.

Miss Adelaide Phillips was the other bright and particular vocal star of the evening. Her voice was in fine order, and she sang the simple ballad "*Kathleen Mavourneen*" with so much sweetness and pathos, that its repetition was unanimously demanded. In response, however, she sang that quaint Scotch ballad "*Coming thro' the Rye*" with so much grace and piquant archness, that the audience gave vent to its delight in bursts of applause, which almost compelled its repetition. No small part of the charm of Miss Phillips' singing is her distinct enunciation; every word can be heard, and the hearer is, therefore, doubly interested in all she sings.

Miss McCulloch sang with much brilliance, but her delivery is very cold, and she forces her voice beyond its pleasant power, injuring both its brightness and its sympathy.

Signori Milleri and Ferranti sang their respective selections excellently well.

Neither Mme. Gazzaniga nor Signor Brignoli appeared as announced, the lady being too unwell to appear, and the gentleman being too far from the city to reach it in time, without forfeiting another engagement. Signor Baragli appeared in his stead, and sang with so much grace, fluency and sweetness, that he won a very hearty encore.

Wehli, whose popularity increases rather than diminishes with frequent hearing, played magnificently on this occasion. His Fantasia on "*Norma*," which is a clear, well-cut composition, and abounds in difficulties which few can execute but himself, made, as usual, a marked sensation and elicited an imperative encore. His "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," Fantasia-Caprice, is a wonderful example of perfection of education of the left hand. With that hand, alone, he takes the whole sweep of the instrument, sustaining the melody amid flights of brilliant *floriture* above and below, dashing through scales and arpeggios, double notes, thirds and sixths, and complicated octave passages, with a *bravura* which would only seem possible with two hands. But Wehli is so thorough a master of his art, that everything seems possible to his marvellously perfect mechanism. His touch is poetry personified; it has perfect control over the heart of the instrument, and brings out its voice, with a song which is instinct with beauty and

pathos. But great as is his mastery over the pianoforte, some of the exquisite effects he produces, are due to the unapproachable instruments upon which he plays. The Chickering pianos are unapproachable in the refinement of their tone, and in those rare qualities, sympathy and variety, which afford the most delicate coloring, while their grand sonority gives the means of contrast by a free power without noise or indistinctness. The touch too is of that fine and delicate quality, which renders everything possible on the instrument, from the merest translucent whisper, to the majestic thunder-roll of sound.

Mr. Wehli, who is the most acute and searching judge of a pianoforte, selected the Chickering pianos because of their special adaptability to the wants of an artist, and because they are the only concert instrument capable of expressing the whole soul of a creative artist. Therefore, while we award unqualified praise to the artist, let us not forget the means by which his success is secured.

This concert was quite an artistic success; let us hope that it was also a success in a pecuniary point of view.

#### MISS MARIA BRAINERD'S CONCERT.

This excellent and favorite artist gave her annual concert on Tuesday evening last. There was a very large and fashionable audience assembled, a proof that even in these hard times true merit can find a liberal patronage. Miss Brainerd provided a very interesting programme for her friends, her assistants being Signor Severini, Mr. Alfred H. Pease, and a full orchestra, led by Theodore Thomas, with Dr. Glare W. Beames, as accompanist.

Miss Brainerd's voice was in fine order, better than we have heard it during the past two years. It was clear, and bright, and perfectly under her control, and she sang in pure taste, and with sweetness and brilliancy. One of her most brilliant efforts was Ardit's Waltz movement, "L'Eostasi," which she gave with a *bravura*, which secured for it an unanimous encore, to which she responded by singing Gounod's charming Barcarole. In all her selections she was equally happy, and met with that warm appreciation which her artistic efforts so richly merited. Her whole performance on Tuesday evening added greatly to her already excellent and well earned reputation.

Signor Severini apologized for being ill, but manfully endeavored to do his best, and he succeeded so well that, despite his plea of sickness, the generous public insisted on encoring his efforts, an unreasonable demand to which he good-humoredly responded.

Mr. Alfred H. Pease played well on this occasion. His execution was clear, well defined, and more strongly phrased than usual. We would suggest, however, that his habit of throwing up his hands is an unnecessary exaggeration;

also that his wrists are too stiff, a fault which gives to his passages of force, the appearance and effect of thumping. If the action of his wrists was more free, it would give to his playing the one grace which it needs. He made a hit with his public, and received the honor of encores.

The orchestral performances were pleasant features in a programme which was altogether pleasing.

#### SEVERINI & PEASE'S SECOND MORNING CONCERT.

The Morning Concerts inaugurated by Signor Severini and Mr. Alfred H. Pease, have proved a decided success. They seem to have enlisted the interest of the ladies, who have thrown around them the ægis of Fashion, and thus secured to them a brilliant attendance. At the second concert the room was literally thronged with ladies, who testified their approval of the entertainment offered them by repeated and vehement encores.

Mr. Pease played selections from Chopin and Raff, and his own duet on subjects from "Faust," with greater precision and more fluent brilliancy, than he has previously achieved before the public. Mr. Pease's intelligent perseverance is becoming evident in the improvement in his technique, and in the control which he now seems to hold over himself—one of the most important points in the struggle for success before the public.

Signor Severini sang several songs in a very sweet and expressive manner, and won a full share of the approbation of the fair audience assembled. Signor Severini would greatly increase the effectiveness, by throwing more force and vivacity into his style, which is at present rather too languishing in its character.

The buffo duo between Signori Severini and Fossati was the best vocal effort of the concert. It was really admirably sung, the rendering being both spirited and dramatic. Signor Fossati also sang two arias in most excellent style.

The Third Morning Concert will take place at Steinway's Rooms, on Monday, the 25th inst., at three o'clock, p. m., when another full and fashionable attendance may be expected.

THEO. THOMAS' FOURTH SYMPHONY SOIREE.—The fourth Symphony Soiree will take place this evening at Steinway Hall. Mr. Thomas has selected a brilliant programme, both in novelty and excellence. The selection is as follows: Suite in Canon form, Op. 10, J. O. Grimm, for string instruments alone; March and Chorus, "Ruin of Athens," Beethoven; Second Episode from Lenau's Faust, Liszt, and the Eroica Symphony, Beethoven. The Mendelssohn Union, under the direction of Mr. W. Berge, will sustain the choral portion.

[For the American Art Journal.]

#### ECHOES!

Echo—echo, hast thou ever,  
From that lonely pine-girt shore,  
Sent thy clear voice back repeating,  
Sounds divine as these before?

Has there e'er o'er moonlit waters,  
Borne upon the evening breeze—  
Come to tempt thee into mocking  
Songs so strangely sweet as these?

Songs that need no words of language;  
For each note with meaning fraught,  
Whispers through its mournful minor,  
All the writer felt and thought.

It were rapture *once* to hear them,  
In a holy place like this;  
But with thy sweet voice repeating,  
Every note brings added bliss!

Like this lake's own bright reflection,  
Fairer than the scene it shows;  
So thy tones are softer, sweeter,  
Than from silver cornet flows!

And we wait in thrilling silence,  
When its flashing throat grows dumb,  
For thy tender purer rendering—  
Over moon-lit waves to come.

Wait in silence—almost anguish,  
For the *Spring Song's* dying note;  
For the *Greeting*, from woods wafted,  
To our quiet, drifting boat.

Echo—echo, hast thou treasured,  
All the songs we taught that night?  
In *our* hearts thy voice has written  
Every note on lines of light!

February 17, 1867.

#### FIFTEENTH WEDNESDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

Very unfavorable weather somewhat diminished the attendance upon this last Parepa concert. That popular singer was, however, in good voice, and received enthusiastic applause for all her parts in the programme. "Son vergine vezzosa" brought out her best traits of vocalization, and its repetition was heartily enforced.

Mr. S. B. Mills gave Liszt's fantasia upon "L'Africaine" themes, with remarkable clearness and *verve*. Mr. Carl Rosa played in his usual style, and the orchestra contributed several acceptable performances, the selections from "Il Trovatore" being most popular with the public.

Instead of the usual Wednesday concerts, a series of grand Oratorio performances will be given, with excellent soloists and sufficient choral force.

Handel's "Messiah" will inaugurate this new series, on Wednesday evening next.